

## Home Circle.

### LIFE'S WEAVING.

We are weaving the thread of our life-webs,  
Day by day;  
And its colors are sometimes sombre,  
Sometimes gay;  
For we dye with every passing thought,  
And with words and deeds is the pattern wrought.  
The pattern will grow into likeness  
Of our creed;  
If the thought be loving and tender,  
Fair the deed,  
It glows with a beauty rich and rare,  
And its fadeless colors are passing fair.  
But, alas! it is interwoven  
Oft with sin;  
And the sombre thread of an evil thought  
Is woven in;  
The pattern is marred as the shuttles fly,  
And the colors fade as the days go by.  
We are weaving our webs for eternity,  
Day by day;  
If we make the pattern beautiful—  
As we may—  
The Master-weaver will, one by one,  
Test the glowing colors and say, "Well done!"  
Our weaving days will be over  
By and by,  
And the busy shuttles motionless  
And silent lie;  
God grant that each weaver may do his best,  
That his finished fabric may stand the test!  
—Pittsburg Christian Advocate.

### IN THE MASTER'S NAME.

A little barefooted boy about ten years old was standing before a shoestore on Broadway, in New York, the other day, peering through the window and shivering with the cold.

A lady riding up the street in a beautiful carriage, drawn by a pair of splendid horses, observed the little fellow in his forlorn condition, and immediately ordered the driver to draw up and stop in front of the store. The lady, richly dressed, alighted from her carriage, went quietly to the boy, and said:

"My little fellow, why are you looking so earnestly in that window?"

"I was just asking God to give me a pair of shoes," was his reply.

The lady took him by the hand and went into the store and asked the proprietor if he would allow one of his clerks to go and buy her a half dozen pairs of stockings. The proprietor assented. She then asked him if he would give her a basin of water and a towel, and he replied, "Certainly," and quickly brought them to her.

She took the little fellow to the back part of the store, and removing her gloves, knelt down, washed those little feet, and dried them with the towel.

By this time the young man had returned with the stockings. Placing a pair up-

on his feet, she purchased and gave him a pair of shoes, and tying up the remaining pairs of stockings gave them to him, and patting him on the head, said, "I hope, my little fellow, that you may now feel more comfortable."

As she turned to go the astonished lad caught her hand, and looking up in her face, with tears in his eyes, answered her question with these words: "Are you an angel?"—*Church Bells.*

### HOUSEKEEPING.

The revolt of certain women against housekeeping is not a revolt against their husbands; it is simply a revolt against their duties. They consider housework hard and monotonous and inferior, and confess with a cynical frankness that they prefer to engross paper, or dabble in art, or embroider pillow shams, or sell goods, or in some way make money to pay servants who will cook their husband's dinner and nurse their babies for them. And they believe that in this way they show themselves to have superior minds, and ask credit for a deed which ought to cover them with shame, for actions speak louder than words. And what do such actions say? In the first place it asserts that any stranger—even a young, uneducated peasant girl, hired for a few dollars a month—is able to perform the duties of the house mistress and the mother. In the second place, it substitutes a poor ambition for love, and hand service for heart service. In the third place, it is a visible abasement of the loftiest duties of womanhood to the capacity of the lowest paid service. A wife and mother cannot thus absolve her own soul; she simply disgraces and traduces her holiest work.

Suppose, even, that housekeeping is hard and monotonous, it is not more so than men's work in the city. The first lesson a business man has to learn is to do pleasantly what he does not like to do. All regular useful work must be monotonous, but love ought to make it easy, and at any rate, the tedium of housework is not any greater than the tedium of office-work. As for housekeeping being degrading, that is the veriest nonsense. Home is a little royalty, and if the housewife and mother be of elements finely mixed, and loftily educated, all the more she will regard the cold mutton question of importance, and consider the quality of soup, and the quantity of chutnee in the curry, as requiring her best attention. It is only the weakest, silliest women who cannot lift their work to the level of their thoughts, and so ennoble both.—*North American Review.*

### THE HOUSE MOTHER'S PRAYER.

A friend from the interior writes: "In a little old book of daily readings, Bogatzky's Golden Treasury, I have read to-day, for the twenty-fourth year, a delightfully simple and helpful prayer. Long since it was copied upon a card and placed in a corner of the glass upon my bureau, and many times I have copied it for my friends, especially for busy mothers, that they also might be helped by its practical thought. I have often intended to send it to some widely circulated paper—that its sphere of usefulness might be broadened—and now without further delay I send it to you, knowing of the desire to place before your readers all things that shall be helpfully stimulating:

Lord, preserve me calm in my spirit,  
Gentle in my commands,  
And watchful that I speak not unadvisedly with my lips,  
Moderate in my purposes,  
Yielding in my temper,  
And at the same time steadfast in my principles. Amen."

—*Congregationalist.*

### ONLY ONE AT A TIME.

A certain lady had met with a very serious accident, which necessitated a very painful surgical operation and many months of confinement in bed. When the physician had finished his work and was taking his leave, the patient asked:

"Doctor, how long shall I have to lie here, helpless?"

"O, only one day at a time," was the cheery answer, and the poor sufferer was not only comforted for the moment, but many times during the succeeding weeks did the thought, "Only one day at a time," come back with its quieting influence.

I think it was Sydney Smith who recommended taking "short views" as a safeguard against needless worry; and one far wiser than he said: "Take, therefore, no thought for the morrow, for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

—*N. Y. Observer.*

### "IF I COULD ONLY TALK LIKE OTHERS."

People often say, "If I could only talk like such a person, I would be glad to always testify in the meetings." Yes, of course they would. That would gratify their pride, and it is pride that keeps them from doing what they can by way of verbal confession. Nature always loves to speak when it can merit the applause of men; but grace seeks to honor God, whether in edification or mortification. Pride of approbation is fruitage of the flesh. Mortify the deeds of the body and ye shall live. Never fail to confess Christ if you have but one talent. He says that if we confess him before men, he will confess us before the Father and his angels.—*Domestic Journal.*